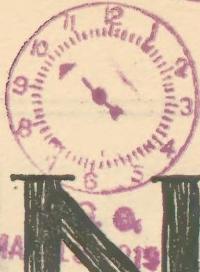


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Cho OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 19, OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

VOL. II.

SATURDAY

APR 1st. 1919

NO. 5



MERRITTE W. IRELAND,
SURGEON GENERAL, U. S. ARMY

The Handshake From Your Home Town

YOU WILL FIND IT AT THE
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

BARACA BIBLE CLASS

PROF. A. J. HUTCHINS, Teacher

Every Sunday Morning - - - - - 10 o'Clock

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MEETING

6:00 to 7:30, with light refreshments - - - Every Sunday Evening

WORSHIP IN CHURCH

Sunday, 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Dr. Powell's message this Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock will be, "The Young Man's Chance in Asheville."

Our Church Stands Back of Every Man at Oteen

The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")

Editor in Chief

HOS. SERGT. RUSSELL RADFORD

Associate Editor

MR. MATHEW BEECHER

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SERGT. 1/C A. ZABIN

Circulation Manager

SERGT. 1/C B. L. HEYMAN



B

Vol. II.

Saturday, March 1, 1919

No. 4

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice,
Oteen, N. C. Subscription rates, \$1.00 for seventeen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

There is a noticeable lack of sports on this Post. For a Government institution chuck full of able-bodied men it is surprising that there has been so little effort on the part of the men to organize varied sports. We had a basketball team, it is true, but why has there been no endeavor to form teams for just the spirit of the thing? A thing of this kind tends to ferment a lively spirit among the men. More pride is taken in the Post, and a bond of good-fellowship springs up. The soldier when given the opportunity of having diversion is better fitted to carry on his work. Many will say we need a ball ground. Only too true. We play a bit of "scrub" now and then on the uneven drill field. Wouldn't it be possible for the Command to have this graded—then the men would turn out in droves. If we're to stay in this man's army for a time, why not while our time away in the open at healthy exercise—rather than "fuming" our days out under cover?

The push to start the ball a-rolling must come from the corps men. If enough men can be interested in forming teams, the men higher up will see that everything is done to help them along. Support will be accorded when the proper time comes.

Once teams are formed there will be innumerable places to get challenges. It will be a great thing and will help to kill time that becomes monotonous and dull. No one will deny that the spirit of the Hospital will be increased ten-fold by sports.

"Where there's a will there's a way."

Drink and grow fat. The slogan cannot be better applied than here at Oteen. One of the prominent physicians of the state, practicing in Asheville, tells us that while the upbuilding qualities of this air are known world wide, the health-giving propensities of the water is of equal value.

Upon analysis, our water was found to contain less than 1 per cent of foreign matter and is every bit the equal of Poland Spring waters, famed the world over for its health-giving properties. Our water comes from nearby Mt. Mitchell, the highest point east of the Rockies, coursing its way to our parts, sparkling and pure.

It is known that many men here drink little or no water. Jump on the water wagon, thereby fortifying yourself for the battle coming after July 1st. Also drink up and stay healthy.

It happened the other day on Asheville's main thoroughfare. One could feel him at a distance—a halo encircled him as he "hove" into sight. His coat sleeves were embroidered from shoulder to cuff with bars, stripes, insignia and chevrons of the most gorgeous colors and fantastic designs. He proved to be one of our own camp—and my look brought him to a stop.

"Yes," he declared, nervously, "they are all authorized by the War Department. This grinning moon with the green stuffing means my sister did her bit in giving the boys verbal consolation. These six lavender stripes stand for my brother who was a "coffee cooler" under General Laughter. The eight horizontal stripes denote ten times sea sick."

"Then you never reached France?"

"No, but this blue dot denotes extreme disappointment. Now the pink crosses—"

By this time I was across the street and ran into a lad pretty well shot up. He was limping and had a small gold chevron on each arm. I smiled and he stopped slightly. My curiosity overcame me. Pointing to the wound stripe, I said, "How come?"

"Well," he answered with a smile. "I was abroad for a while, and I happened to go a bit lame."

Such is Life.



A story emanating from a general news bureau, Washington, had it that instances of barbarism on the part of the Huns continue to come forth and small wonder the Allies cry for revenge. In this instance some fourteen Red Cross nurses had been returned from overseas. Four of these nurses had their tongues cut out and their eyes gouged out. The fifth had both legs cut off above the knees, and is today a ravaging maniac. The sixth—words would fail to tell of her plight, etc. The tale ended up with the information that these nurses were being sent to Hospital 89. Investigation proved two things—there was no such hospital nor was there a grain of truth in the story. It was just "whole cloth" from a hack worker in some news manufacturing office.

We are not endeavoring to soften our readers toward the Hun. We are going to make an appeal that when you hear one of those exaggerated "damphool" yarns you nip it in its infancy.

Idleness breeds such stories. Some hick, bound for furlough, tells some mind invention of his own to his best girl—Ima Cootie—she tells it the editor of the Krapnel—then the Washington bureau gets it.

If the exaggeration and lie comes to you, kill them dead—jump on those that bring wild stories to you. The khaki, it is true, has some unmitigated liars in its midst, what community hasn't? Not one of us are perfect. We're just human—and the Post is an institution holding you—and two thousand others. Speak well of it and of them. Tell the truth even if it does hurt. Uphold the trust that the service has in you. Unconsciously you'll begin to think more of yourself in the span of days.





"To uplift and to build"—

Reconstruction

CAPT. SAMUEL M. NORTH, S. C., U. S. ARMY
CHIEF, RECONSTRUCTION SERVICE

RECONSTRUCTION AIDES—ALLIES OF THE ARMY NURSE CORPS

The time is not so far behind us when the graduate nurse left the training school always to engage in private nursing. Until the war changed conditions, the great majority of graduates were still doing private duty, and that part of their work which was generally acknowledged irksome was the care of the patient during the long convalescent period. Any real nurse can give her best to the critically ill, but not all have the patience and grace to stand by their post when the work changes from a technical, a professional and a physical problem, to a psychical problem. In private duty it is at this point the nurse's worth as a woman will manifest itself.

The war has called out many thousand from the ranks of the private nursing world and changed them into institutional nurses. The change is greater than the nurses yet realize. The relation of the nurse to her patient, in the Army is that of a superior officer who may command and must be obeyed. Her work is largely executive. She may not if she would, take upon herself to become the patient's personal companion during convalescence, as she has necessarily hitherto been in the habit of doing.

It is at this point the all-wise government has introduced to us the Reconstruction Aide in Occupational Therapy. We confess to a rather haughty feeling—perhaps it was snobbishness — when our dear Uncle Sam presented for our acquaintance his newly found lady friends. Now, after the lapse of several months, we of the nursing profession find these thoroughly equipped women our true allies; doing for the patients what, because of the very nature of the military service, we could not do. Moreover, doing for the patient what we ordinarily are not equipped to do. But not only for the patients are they doing. For us who may return to our former fields of labor they are opening new paths of useful-

ness. The long hours of convalescence in the home should be made less tedious and more profitable because of these, our associates and our faithful allies—the Reconstruction Aides.

FLORENCE E. STANDISH,
Chief Nurse.



Dearly Beloved:—My text for this issue is "Barracks 715." You know it is the home of the Aides; and if you will promise never to tell who told you, I'll let you have a "listen in" on a typical morning conversation as the words are tossed back and forth over the top of the seven-foot partitions which separate the large ward into a series of stall-like rooms.

I am awakened by the reflected glow of a bulb and a sleepy voice from the next stall:

"O hum! did you know it is six-thirty, California?" (You'll excuse my using the name of the girl's State in place of her's for I dare not do more).

California emits sounds of the newly awakened and says, "Is it?" then she turns over for another dream which she never realizes for up and down the long room comes the click of electric lights being turned on and the whole place is a-hum immediately. "Who will bring me a piece of toast and some coffee—I don't want to get up for breakfast?" pleads lazy Boston.

"I will, if Sam will let me have it," calls back New York, and Boston subsides.

"Whoever borrowed my shoe polish and didn't bring it back had better do it right now," threatens Michigan.

Silence.

"Who was it?"

"I didn't borrow your old polish!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" denies the entire house.

"Well, somebody did, I know. I'm going to lock my things up after this," grumbles Michigan to her "roomy."

Some sleepy-head awakened by this out-

burst "comes to" with a start and calls out, "What time is it?"

"Five minutes till seven."

"Eleven of."

"Two till."

"I have seven," comes the decided and sure answer from Texas, Ohio and Kentucky.

"I don't mean *your* time. Somebody tell that has *Sam's* time."

"Fifteen after seven," dooms Michigan.

"O, it can't be that late—I'll never get dressed by half past. Somebody fix me a tray, won't you?" pleads sleepy-head; and from her room comes wild hurried noises, for she knows that Sam and seven-thirty are a bad combination.

This incident inspires Missouri to sing, "O, how I hate to get up in the morning," and to declare that, "Someday I'm going to marry the bugler and the household chimes in with alto and tenor and such bass as it can muster. The music is stopped by little Minnesota piping out:

"Who stole that pink yarn on my table? I was saving it for Smith; he's been waiting a week for that."

"Was that yo's, hon?" drawls the soft pacific voice of Texas, who thinks with affectionate names to calm the irate and keep the yarn.

"You know it was, and I just have to have it, or he'll loose all his faith in reconstruction."

"All right, dear; I'll give it back after breakfast," and Texas puts her off successfully.

There comes a clatter of running feet down the hall, as a late one pants, "Whose in the shower; I'm next!" and she collides with another who is trying to get there before she does. They pick up tooth-brushes and towels and soap and try again just as a fateful voice announces:

"Seven-twenty!"

A quiet settles over the place at once.

Sam's power is supreme.

CAPS & CAPE

Deo et Humanitate



IN BARRACKS NO. 4

Some kind soul had the idea of introducing the inmates of our barracks to the world at large by means of this picture (see below). But a picture is quite useless to tell the story and it isn't a bit good of us either—a newspaper man said so. So in our dug-out, the first member is Miss P., a very exclusive person, who is partial to middie blouses. Next door is Miss F., who, though the world doesn't know it, is fond of "piping hot" things. Across the hall, Miss V. tries to sleep but has difficulty, owing to numerous engagements with the dentist. Miss P. is her next neighbor and well we know she is off night duty—absolute quiet after nine p. m. and tea-drinkers don't break those cups! Miss D., next in line, is the life of the hall—has been here eight weeks and is still true to Billy! Miss McK. and Miss W., pals as of old, still want their discharges. Miss G. and C., side by side! They're in the army. They're regulars and the corridors' pride. They are both fond of Miss S., now on furlough. Miss G. and S. are fond of bridge, while Miss C.—well what does the girl do to amuse herself anyway! Miss P. has such trouble with her uniforms and always will. Miss G. is learning the ukulele. Who loaned her the thing and what had they against us? Miss W., way down at the end, doesn't believe in demonstrative affection, but must have a man. Miss F. spend her sixty-a-month at the Tea Room. Aren't you used to army food yet? Then we have Miss B., who loses things and cleans her room after taps! Last is the bugler, Miss O. Three days we've overslept because she forgot the alarm. Miss S. O. wants a congenial companion. Miss B.'s just off night duty, so all's well with the world. Miss H.

is on I 5. Ask I 5 for something funny about her. Two others we never see altho they room here. We'd like them to feel at home and get all the fun there is to be had in our "little gray home" in Barracks No. 4.

composition. It was thoroughly enjoyed and we prophesy for it a real success. Catchy, bright melody with some splendid harmonization, it is adapted in every way for a reminder of this particular Post. Miss Standish poured tea and Miss Quinn served.

Graceful red, whit and blue decorations, flags among the green laurel, reminded one (tho some of us had to be told) that Washington's Birthday was near. Friday evening's dance was one of the prettiest yet and our committee surprised us quite as much as they planned to. Misses Dougherty, Speed and Grey deserve our thanks for a delightful time and the excellent music, dainty refreshments, cordial spirit of welcome, all made the evening a pleasure to look back to. It is quite possible that those who really get the most out of our social affairs are those who consider the Nurse Corps and the Aides as a whole—a company of us—and not merely of anyone's individual pleasure alone. This is what community life is good for.

Some folks in looks take so much pride,
They don't think much on what's inside.
Some think it quite a manly art,
To jeer at those who "have a heart."
Some will take tinsel for pure gold,
Some are so just plain mean, I'm told,
They never see a bit of good,
In anything they really should,
And so I'd really rather see,
How I can fix the Inside o' me.
So folks say, "He looks like sin,"
But malice never lived within,"
And you can bet no harm can come
From something that he thought was fun.

G. U. L.

Apologies to JOHN KENDRICK.

Miss Shoemaker is the first of our number to be discharged as a reserve and become a regular member of the A. N. C. Others will follow.

Poor night nurses! Such signs as "Please Make a Noise!" "Holler Louder!" "Night Nurse, Wake Her Up!" etc., reveal their state of mind. Turning night into day is all right, but day into night is different.

Movies are now a part of the weekly program in our Red Cross House. Invite your friends for Tuesday evening.

Glad to see the furlough folks back and ten pounds is worth going after.



EDITORIAL

*A Message From the Surgeon-General of the Army to
the Personnel of General Hospital No. 19*



T the present time the hospital newspaper can do as much as any one factor to preserve and incite to a greater extent the spirit of helpfulness and cheerfulness which is invaluable just now. It is plain to be seen that THE OTEEN has this uppermost in consideration, both for the patients, and enlisted personnel of the hospital. I am indeed glad to see it. This is just the kind of spirit which I want to see everywhere, and it is especially pleasing to find that it is being carried out so thoroughly and effectively at your hospital.

Probably a good many of your men are wondering how long things will continue to go on "as usual" as they have been doing for the past three months. Here in Washington we know that it will be some months yet, and that only through the heartiest and utmost co-operation of every single man in the Medical Department, can we achieve what we have all set our hearts to—the return of every sick or wounded man to this country, and his establishment in a hospital where his condition will be cured or remedied as fast and as permanently as possible.

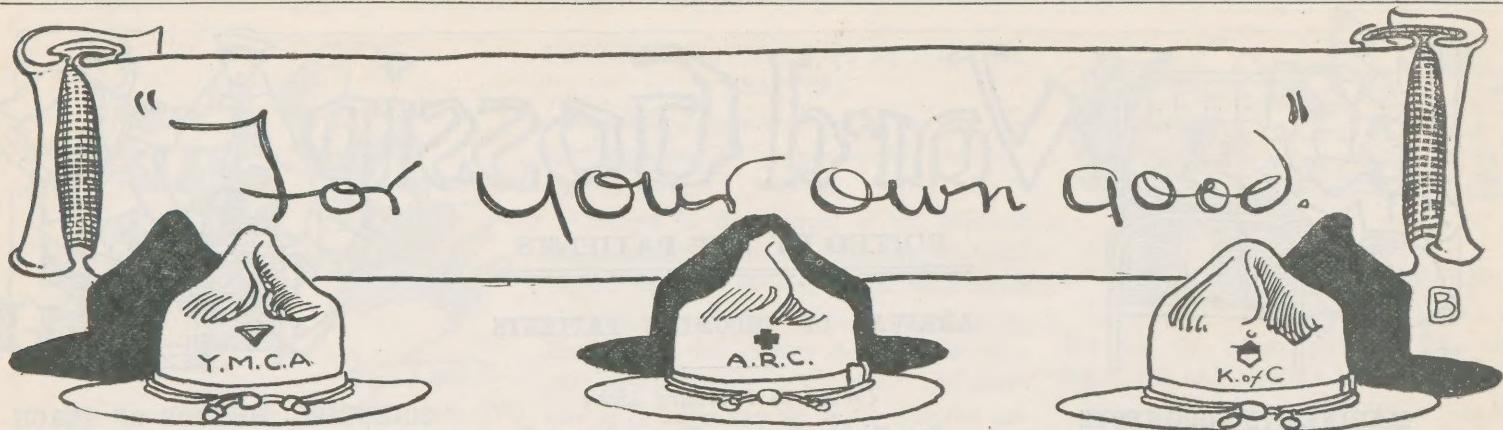
To do this, requires hard work on the part of everyone, and I feel confident that the officers, nurses and enlisted men at General Hospital No. 19 will not fail the Medical Department at this time. With best wishes for the success of THE OTEEN, which is already setting a pace for all other hospital papers of its kind, I am,

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "W.W. Seward".



B



Dr. Jackson's absence from camp last week, on account of the funeral of his father-in-law, at Indianapolis, Ind., was responsible for the absence of the usual Y. M. C. A. contribution to make its appearance in this column in last week's issue. We make willingly whatever apology the apparent dereliction may call for under the circumstances.

▽ ▽

Our new secretary, Prof. R. E. Sestelle, was in full charge during the absence of Dr. Jackson, and though he had but a day or two of experience in his new field, he succeeded admirably in the management of affairs at the hut for ten days. Like Gynne, Mr. Sestelle has been an educator, and so is splendidly qualified to handle the educational work that is being carried on in our building. The boys of the detachment, as well as the patients who frequent our rooms on Monday evenings, are finding him a warm-hearted and most companionable man. We have been very fortunate in having had him assigned to our camp.

▽ ▽

The capacity of the hut is being taxed at almost every event that is put through under "Y" auspices. Last week we had some extras in the way of entertainment—a stunt-night Thursday, and a literary program on Saturday night. Both of these were enthusiastically welcomed by the large company that gathered to witness them. We hope to have other such extras from time to time. Meanwhile the movies will continue according to the regular schedule.

▽ ▽

We extend a hearty welcome to the newcomers from Waynesville, whether detachment men or patients, and we wish to assure them that the "Y" is always at their service for anything that it can do for their comfort and convenience during their stay at Oteen.

The boys back from furloughs often tell us of the changes they notice in the Red Cross House. This week the thing most mentioned has been the half dozen spruce trees in their green tubs—three on the porch and three inside the house.

+ +

We want every man who can and will to help us put over our program of recreation and entertainment during the next few months. In doing this, it will be a source of pleasure, not only for those who may be spectators, but will be a great source of pleasure and benefit to those participating.

+ +

To this end, we will greatly appreciate anyone who can sing, play any instrument or do anything to entertain, getting in touch with Mr. L. R. Whitlow, Recreation Officer at the Red Cross House, or if not convenient, to do this, give your name to Lieut. Steele or the Secretary at either Y. M. C. A. or K. of C. buildings, and help us to help you by giving you something worth while.

+ +

We have lots of fine talent and the only difficulty is in locating it. If every man who can do anything and knows anyone who can, will co-operate with us, Oteen will set such a pace that will make others hustle to keep up.

+ +

Do not be afraid to let us know if you can help for fear of being embarrassed, because we will see that you are not, and you may be assured that you will be giving lots of pleasure and real benefit to others by using any talent you may have for the good of Oteen.

+ +

Perhaps you play some instrument or sing only a little. If that be the case, it is our privilege to help you learn and it will be a great pleasure to help you. Come and talk it over and we are sure you will not regret it.

The usual weekly dancing party visited the K. of C. hut on Tuesday evening, chaperoned by Mrs. O. C. Hamilton, of Asheville. Professor Gaspare Pappalardo, the well-known violin artist in Asheville, played with the boys in the orchestra at the post in the absence of the usual leader, Lieut. Clarke. A pleasant evening was enjoyed by everybody.

★ ★

The last dance, excepting the big party St. Patrick's night, March 17, will be held next Tuesday evening till after lent.

★ ★

We regret that there was no mass at the hut last Sunday but owing to the illness of the Asheville priest, Rev. P. Marion, we were unable to secure a priest to officiate. A new chaplain has been assigned to the post so mass will be at a regular hour hereafter.

★ ★

We have the following daily newspapers on the newspaper rack for your pleasure:

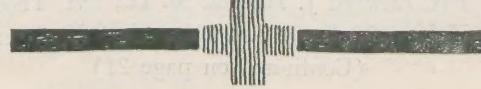
New York Times,
New York American,
Chicago Tribune,
Washington Post,
Binghamton Press,
Asheville Citizen,
Asheville Times,
St. Louis Sporting News.

★ ★

Our new lights over the pool table are a great pleasure to the players. Be sure to sign the pool schedule now and everyone will get a chance to enjoy a game of pool.

★ ★

About a hundred detachment men brought their bunks in the "Y" and K. C. last Monday night while they were making their new home up on the hill. Secretary Grace, formerly connected with Ansonia in New York City, suggests that we call the road on their corner Broadway and Seventy-fourth street.





MARINES VS DOUGHBOYS

It seems the intention of many writers to give the impression that the U. S. Marines did about all the fighting at Chateau Thierry and Belleau Wood. This is actually absurd and such articles are unfair to the dough boys who really put the big job over. One can readily see that eight whole divisions could not have been cut up in a smaller scrap than 2 regiments of Marines had.

The 5th and 6th Marines did much hard and victorious fighting but did they not come into the fight fresh and ready? Had they not been resting for 8 months on M.P. duty? How about the doughboy outfits who had been in the trenches for several months and then went up to face just as stiff fighting as the Marines? When mentioning Chateau Thierry would it not be fair to give the 7th Machine Gun Battalion a little credit for stopping them from coming across the bridge on June 1st? Must the work of the 3rd Division go unrecognized? In Belleau Wood did not the 9th and 23rd Infantry do their bit and how about the 26th Division also in Belleau Woods?

Were the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 26th, 28th, 32nd, and 42nd cited by General Pershing just because they were present while the Marines fought?

Give the Marines all the credit that is coming but don't forget that the doughboys were the ones who not only stopped the Boche but drove them out of the entire Marne salient.

D. D. M.

Private Hogan was seated in the first row at his farewell theatre party before sailing for France, and having imbibed too freely of the amber brew he found it difficult to keep his balance. An actress singing "Over There" kept pointing at Hogan, "You're going over, you're going over!"

Private Hogan (irritated)—"For th' love o' Mike, I know it; you don't needa push me!"

THE OTEEN

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

ARRIVAL OF INCOMING PATIENTS

(Week of February 25th)

Pvt. Walter Batigue, French Navy; Pvt. Arthur Powell, 89th Inf.; Pvt. Alphonsa Gugenberger, 53d F. A.; Sgt. Edward Wise, Bakery Co.; Pvt. Dewey Bell, 19th Inf.; Pvt. Lewis V. Hart, 35th Inf.; Pvt. Thos. S. Jackson, 2 M. I.; Pvt. Edward Grant, 1 Prov. Div.; Pvt. Robert H. Schneider, 59 F. A. Div.; Sgt. James C. Seymour, 2 M. C.; Pvt. Thadens Bowen, 14 F. A. R. D.; Pvt. Thomas K. Roberts, 18 F. A. R. D.; Pvt. Huston Crawford, 2nd Grp. A. S. N.; Pvt. John A. Cheny, 162 D. B.; Pvt. Isaac Odom, 8th Dev. Bn., A. S. N.; Pvt. Louis Reed, 322 F. A.; Cpl. Lester L. Tangerman, 120 F. A.; Pvt. P. James Jesse, 9th Inf.; 1st Sgt. George K. Nelson, M. C.; Pvt. Roman L. McQuaig, M. D.; Pvt. Albert R. Boylin, 3rd M. G. Bn.; 1st Sgt. Rufus Pratt, 59 Pion. Inf.; Cpl. Martin T. Kirby, Q. M. C.; Pvt. Irving R. E. Higgins, Q. M. C.; Pvt. James Curtis, 319 Eng.; Pvt. Daniel Richardson, 427 Reg.; 1st Sgt. Theodore Reusch, M. C.; Pvt. Thomas S. Berryhill, M. P. 29th Div.; Cook Charles Parker, B. H. 17 M. D.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Jas. Crumlich, Jr., B. H. 78 M. D.; Pvt. Richard Howard, 32 Labor Bn.; Pvt. William Kirkpatrick, 532 Eng.; Pvt. Harry J. Fitch, 314 Inf.; Pvt. Arthur Gardner, 32 F. A.; Pvt. Otto L. Killian, 56 Inf.; Nurse Anna Keeler, A. N. C.; Pvt. Arthur Smith, 12 Labor Bn.; Pvt. Edward A. Young, 813 Pioneer Inf.; Bug. Roy E. Dennis, 351 Inf.; Pvt. Quit Howard, M. R.; Pvt. Charles Hanson, M. D.; Cpl. William M. Gunn, A. S. Mtr. Mech.; Pvt. Duncan Bwins, 166 Inf.; Pvt. Ben Moats, 28 Inf.; Pvt. Emert W. Libly, 24 Eng.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Frank Keith, B. M. C.; Cook Henry Pedder, 5th F. A.; Wag. Peter Weymer, 305 Eng.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Charles P. Castle, 153 Inf.; Pvt. 1st Cl. Thomas Nelson, 126 Eng.; Pvt. William A. Boyd, 141st F. A.; Pvt. Andrew Casley, 514 Eng.; Pvt. Henry Creman, 314 Inf.; Pvt. Hubert H. Donnelly, Ord. D.; Pvt. Samuel Edmond, 57 Pio. Inf.; Pvt. Edward J. Halpin, M. D.; Pvt. Thos. Halsey, 72 Eng.; Pvt. Edward P. Kashner,

(Continued on page 21)



SCIENTIFIC METHOD OF TEACHING ARITHMETIC

He was teaching her Arithmetic and said
it was his mission;
He kissed her once, he kissed her twice and
said "Now that's addition."
But as he added smack to smack, she shyly
gave him one kiss back
And said "Now that's subtraction."

He kissed her, she kissed him back without
an explanation,
Then together they both said "We'll call
that Multiplication."
Then dad appeared upon the scene, and he
with stern decision
Kicked poor Burgard down the stairs and
said,
"Now that's division."

—G.M.C.

SOMETIMES YOU DO!!!

Before I fell a victim
To the wiles of Spanish "flu"
I'd gathered from the posters,
And certain movies, too,
That when it came to nurses
You always woke to view
Some peach from Ziegfeld's Follies
Who slipped the pills to you.

I've read the artful fiction
About the angels fair
Who sat beside your pillow
And stroked your fevered hair,
And made you kind of careless
How long you lingered there
In the radiant effulgence
Of a lovely baby stare.

That may be true in cases,
The way it is in plays,
But mine was no white lady
Of lilting roundelays;
For while I was a blesse
The nurse who met my gaze
Was Private Pete Koszolski,
Who hadn't shaved for days.

—Lieut. John Pierre Roche,
Eighty-seventh Division, A.E.F.



I'm not Ted—I'm Murph of the W. Wards. Till I'm discharged, which should be this week, I'll try to fill this column with the S. O. S.

★ ★

McCauley, of H-1, is the subject of much discussion and here is the reason. On his hat he wears the number 18th Inf., while it should be 318th Inf, aside from numerous campaign badges. On some days he wears a coat containing one gold service chevron but when he is down visiting his lady friend he wears a coat containing two gold service chevrons and a gold star on one sleeve and two wound chevrons on the other. Scientists have proclaimed his case as one of the worst ever known of the disease called chevronitis in camp.

★ ★

After the 1st of July the States should look good to those guys who used to crab about "wet" billets.

★ ★

Even some Sergeants of the Guard are good fellows. For instance, there's Doyle!!

★ ★

Rushing says he hates a man who is yellow but when its a question of a woman's hair his hatred for that color turns to adoration. (W wards please copy).

★ ★

"Tomorrow never comes" is a true saying when they tell the boys on the hill they are going out tomorrow.

★ ★

Not one case of nervous prostration has been reported as a result of the excitement of the Washington's birthday programme at Oteen.

★ ★

Do you intend to stay with us for a while now Manning?

★ ★

Sgt. Henley, I'm sure those young ladies who visit the Red Cross each noon would enjoy a little chat with you. Just a little nerve is all that is needed and you can get that from "Red" O'Hare.

PATIENTS' LAUNDRY TO BE DONE BY HOSPITAL

The War Department authorizes the following statement from the office of the Surgeon General:

Changes in the manual of the Medical Department announced by the Surgeon General of the Army provide for the washing of all soiled clothing of patients in all army hospitals in this country or in France as a part of the "hospital laundry," and therefore to be taken care of by the hospital authorities.

Paragraphs 222 and 267 of the Manual have been changed so as to define the hospital laundry as "the washable clothing of patients under treatment in hospitals," and to further state that "the soiled clothing of patients will be washed as a part of the hospital laundry."

Notification of these two changes has been sent to all department surgeons, camp surgeons, surgeons at independent posts, at ports of embarkation, to all general and base hospitals, and to the chief surgeon, American Expeditionary Forces, France. to make so much more difference in the in the hospital laundry bills, but it is going to make su much more difference in the feelings of patients that the medical department deems it well worth while.

RULES FOR PILL ROLLERS

1. To take charge of recruits in the ward and teach them how to make a bed in forty-eight seconds.
2. To walk to chow with a hopeful stride, taking particular pains to register anticipation.
3. To repeat all calls from tables more distant from the kitchen than my own.
4. To report all violations of Herb Hoover's orders.
5. To quit the table only after all the hash is consumed.
6. To receive, obey, and pass on to the pill rollers beyond me, all suggestions from the soprano sergeant.
7. To talk to no one who yells: "Pass the Pie!"
8. In case of fire, to join in the chorus. "Keep the Home Fires Burning."
9. To allow no one to sleep after reveille.
10. In any case not covered by instructions to ask the nearest K.P.
11. To salute all slum not made east of the Rhine.
12. To be especially watchful at night, and from this day on, to allow no bed check to find me missing.



MISUNDERSTOOD POSTMARK

In a small village the mother of a soldier met the village preacher, who asked her if she had received bad news.

"I sho has," she said. "Willie has been killed."

"Oh, I am very sorry," said the preacher. "Did you receive word from the war office?"

"No," she said. "I received de word frum hisself."

The preacher looked perplexed and said: "But how is that?"

"Sho," she said, "here am de letter; read it yo-self."

The letter read: "Dear Mother—I am now in the Holy Land."

★ ★

While making the very clever and systematic search for firearms last week, they happened to run on to an "Infant Machine Gun" in one of the colored wards, in the shape of a 45 Colts. It was finally decided to leave it.

★ ★

WHAT NEXT?

After putting John Barleycorn down for the count, the reformers are going to work for the prohibition of tobacco, claiming tobacco is a narcotic and is as dangerous as whisky.

After the narcotic weed gets his, the following will receive the death thrust at the hands of the reformers:

French Dressing—The very name is suggestive. It should not be allowed in any home where there are small children.

Tomato Catsup—The habit of eating tomato catsup is a national curse. It ferments in the stomach and causes catupitis, which is rapidly devouring us.

Egg Shampoos—Too long have the people been spending their money foolishly for these concoctions. Plain soap is plenty good enough. The egg shampoo is the sport of millionaires these days, and too many poor men are being lured to their financial destruction by that route.

★ ★

The man who says he wouldn't take a drink of booze to save his life after July 1st, 1919, in some ways has nothing on George Washington.



THE MYSTERY OF THE STEW

ACT II.

Scene—Recreation Room, Officers' Ward.
Time—Any morning.

The curtain raises upon a dozen or so officers, intently watching the clock over the dining room door (usually called mess hall). The hands of the clock point to 8:28 a. m., as a noise, very much resembling a troop of cavalry crossing a bridge, is heard. Enter Lieutenants Bob Murray, McWilliams, Stuerer, Moon and Kappler from O. W. No. 2. The usual jibes about being "just in time," etc., come from the watchers of the clock.

Five minutes pass and Lieut. Baier, inventor, machinist, dog-fancier, photographer and physician enters in high state of excitement. Sees the "Closed" sign on the door to mess hall and registers consternation. Turns and gazes about room. Coughs slightly, twice, and proceeds to where the Ward Surgeon is taking sick call.

Baier: "May I have what's left on the table? You see it is raining this morning and I am a trifle late."

W. S.: "What has the rain to do with your being late?"

The late sleeper exits amid laughter from the crowd, which is constantly increasing.

The bridge fiends assemble in the southeast corner of the room while the rummy players take up their stand near the telephone.

Lieut. Crews: "Are we going to play according to the book today or not?"

Major Saye: "You'll need a couple of books when we get through with you."

At this moment the pool hounds are assembling and Derr has already asked for the tenth time, "Who shoots second?"

Capt. Adams: "That's three straight dimes I've payed out, someone can have have my cue."

Lieut. Crabbe: "Have you paid your two dollars yet?"

Capt. Adams: "Give me back my cue."

Voice from the bridge table: "I have certainly played this hand like a fish."

Major McAdie: "You certainly have."

During the argument which followed, one of the youngsters slips a card from the dummy into a trick and gums the hand forever. Much laughter follows. Everybody seems to be enjoying the game but the two majors.

A feminine shriek is heard from the nurses' room. Sounds like Hoosick Falls.

Major Humphrey: "Verily, I say unto you, she who sitteth upon a lighted cigarette will rise again."

Orderly enters: "I found a valentine in the wastepaper basket signed 'From Your Dilapidated Cousin.'"

Crews: "Orderly, close that dohr."

Just as things are going full blast—bridge, pool, rummy and the phonograph—one of the lieutenants enters and whispers some news about the room. Immediately the officer patients rise en-masse and march about the room led by Sputum, the canine mascot, singing: "Maybe We Have Had Our Day, But Other Days Are Coming."

Curtain

(Scene II Next Week—Perhaps)

A minister, with two lovely girls, stood entranced by the beauties of a flowing stream. A fisherman happening by, and mistaking the minister's occupation, said: "Ketchin' many, pard?"

"I am a fisher of men," answered the preacher with dignity.

"Well," replied the fisherman, with an admiring glance at the girls, "you sure have the right bait."

She—"Wasn't it awful to give up your home and wife, and go to war?"

He—"My only regret was that I had but one wife to give up for my country."

BILL ON "INSPECTION"

Maude, my dere:

Jest finished writin ter several of my girl frends, so not havin nothin better ter do I'll write ter you also. I notice where yer say in yer last letter yer bin ter Philadelphia; so now yer nos how we all feel when we goes ter town here.

With the comin of spring and rain and mud, the offiser git noo ideas. The latest is we got ter keep our barricks clean all the time. Kin yer beat that. I don't no what this here army is acomin to. Every mornin this looie of oun comes around and makes a inspecshun. He don't cum around at maybe ten o'clock, when a feller aint in, but bright and early, ate o'clock, every mornin he cum ramblin around. Yer nos what that menes? That menes yer can't sleep until after eight. He sez he don't like ter ketch his men in bed. In fact he sez he dislikes it so much he'd sooner see a feller do a weke on the coal pile. So we're careful, he's a man of his word. I've bin sort a figgerin what I might say if he should walk in on me asleep. Somethin snappy, what he wud like. Fer instance "have my grape-fruit cold this mornin lootenant" or "turn on the steam and prepare my borth." That feller has got a grate eye fer dirt. His dad must a bin a street cleanin commisioner. Why he can even see dirt on yer neck. He's got a hobby. All our blankets got ter be folded one way. Aint that foolish. But we got ter humor him, he's a lootenant.

On Saturday mornin is the grand inspecshun. We got ter git up extra early; kwarter after seven, that's before brekfast. On Saterday he cum around with a nother lootenant and a coupler sargents strung behind him like the tail of a goat. And anything he mite have overlooked durin the weke them other birds find. As the feller sed who wuz sentanced to be shot, "this here army is gettin ter be mighty unpleasant."

Must tell yer of a feller named Cornfield, who wuz made a corporal and then havin nothin beter fer him ter do he wuz made ter take care of the papers and books fer the summary-court offiser. Sort of errand boy. When his mother heard of his grate job she rote him not ter be to severe with the prisoners and remember he wuz a private once himself.

Mite say in closin, if yer kin borrow the care-fare, why not cum down ter see me. There's lots of fellers here you'd like.

Yours frendly,

BILL.

COMMANDING OFFICER CHANGED

*Colonel W. J. Lyster of the Regular Army our New Commander—
Lieutenant-Colonel Hoagland Returns to Civil Life*

LIEUT-COL. Henry W. Hoagland, Commanding Officer of General Hospital No. 19, has received favorable action from the Surgeon General of the Army regarding his request for an honorable discharge, so that he might resume his civilian activities in Colorado Springs, Colo., where he is widely known as a tuberculosis specialist of high standing.

The move of relieving the Colonel as Commanding Officer of "19," is said to be the logical move at the present time as a number of regular army men who have been in command of various posts here and abroad, can now be spared for other duties and the reserve released. The majority of General Hospitals will be commanded by regular army colonels within the next four or five weeks.

Colonel Hoagland has been in the service for 21 months. He was commissioned first Lieutenant in June, 1917, and was stationed for three months at Fort Douglas, Utah. He became a captain in August, 1917, and was actively engaged on the tuberculosis examining board at Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama, and later was tuberculosis specialist for the 37th (Ohio) Division, now overseas, where he remained three months. Received Majority February 2, 1918, and was ordered to Marketon, Pa., as Commanding Officer of General Hospital No. 17, where he spent the next four months in opening and thoroughly equipping this Hospital. Was ordered to this Post (then called Azalea), on July 18th, 1918, to open and set in motion this institution, which, granted, he has done well.

Colonel Hoagland has seen the evolution of this Hospital from a mountain wilderness to the most modern army hospital in the country, with its stupendous personnel and thoroughly modern equipment. Washington acknowledged Oteen to be the most complete institution of its kind the war has brought forth. It has, and will remain a credit to his indomitable energy and abil-

ity to organize and set in active motion.

He has, through his military attitude, genial nature, and never tiring interest in the Hospital and the things that concern its welfare, endeared himself in the hearts of all who knew him, officers, nurses, patients and detachment men. We are personally better for having known him, and may the knowledge accompany him back into civil pursuits, that through the splendid work which has characterized his service here, he has come to the full realization of his Oteen.

COLONEL W. J. Lyster, the new Commanding Officer of "Nineteen," is an "old army man" of twenty years' service, having served in the medical department since 1899. He comes to this Post from Washington, having been the Officer in Charge of the Medical Division, Chemical Warfare Service.

He graduated from the University of Michigan, Detroit College of Medicine and the University of Pennsylvania; entered the army as acting assistant surgeon in the Phillipines in 1899; was made 1st Lieut.,

M. C., 1900; Capt., 1905; received his Majority in 1907, and attained the rank of Lieut.-Col. in 1917. His present rank of full Colonel came in November, 1918.

Colonel Lyster's army career has been a varied and interesting one. His introduction into the army was in the Phillipines in 1899. He then went to China, where he remained until 1902. He was transferred to California in 1903, and served there until 1905, when he was ordered to Fort McIntosh, Texas, where he was held until 1907. In 1907 he returned to Fort William McKinley, Phillipine Islands, serving until 1909. From 1909 to 1913 he was at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., and was then called to act as assistant to the Surgeon General at Washington, remaining there until 1916. During 1916 and 1917 Colonel Lyster

was sent to Europe to act as

Military Observer. During the next crucial year of the war he served as Liaison Officer with the Medical Service, British Army, on the staff of Sir Alfred Keogh, General Director of the British Army Medical Service. As we noted he has been on duty from May, 1918, to February, 1919, as the officer in charge of the Chemical Warfare Service, Washington.

With Colonel Lyster's entrance, we, the personnel of General Hospital No. 19, pledge ourselves to continue the good record we have established at Hospital Number "Nineteen."



LIEUT.-COL. HENRY W. HOAGLAND

GENERAL HOSPITAL 18 ABANDONED

The Surgeon-General has ordered the abandonment of General Hospital No. 18 at Waynesville, which has been under the command of Major Turnbull, formerly Chief of the Medical Service at this Post. The work of transferring patients has been going on for some time, and we have received many of their men at OTEEN, both among the patients and the detachment men. This leaves OTEEN the only army institution in the East dealing altogether with chest work.

The BATTLES of BRUNO

(*Oteen's Own War Story*)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Last time we went back (a voice: "you sure did") and told how Bruno and Hertha came to meet and fall in love and how it happened that just as they were about to be married a thoughtless local board spilled the beans by informing Bruno that his exemption claim was a lot of hay.

As this chapter opens, we find Bruno with his heart torn between the call of duty and that of love and if that isn't some dramatic situation then Mr. Belasco and Mr. Chauncey Olcott and the rest will have to get into some essential industry.)

CHAPTER IV

NO sooner did Bruno get the decision of his local board than he hurried to the magnificent but tasty mansion set on the hill near to the sleeping quarters of our own presidential candidate, William Jennings Bryan, done in the Bloody Mary style of architecture, that sheltered the form of his beloved.

"Hertha," he said, "Hertha, my country calls me. I feel that to linger longer would be the craven's part. I must spring to arms. Tomorrow I start to Washington to see about getting a commission in the Depot Brigade."

At these words the magnificent but tasty form of Hertha shook like the Leviathan in a heavy sea.

"My hero," she hollered, "must they take you too? Must we, too, pay our toll to grim-visaged war?"

"You said it," responded Bruno, "and what's more, if I don't get to Washington pretty darn quick I will be out of luck for fair."

"How's that?" quired Hertha in her sweet voice that set every tile on the mansard shaking.

Bruno looked about him with a haggard eye, then he leaned forward and whispered the dread message.

"I will be drafted."

Several crude laboring people who were

at work on the new Washeville postoffice some blocks from Hertha's home, dropped tools and started to eat lunch when they heard the scream that followed this announcement. It was not the noon whistle but rather the cry of a deeply stricken female.

"It cannot be," moaned Hertha over and over again, "think of your social position,

"You are right, dear," snickered our hero. "I must away. I must be placed where my services can be best utilized. I shall not be thrown about like a chess-man, on the field of combat. I love my country and believe that I can serve her best alive. Besides black never was becoming to your original style of beauty. I'll take out government insurance or the full amount and name you beneficiary."

Just at this point the door swung open and Jarvis, Hertha's trick butler entered, and in his well-modulated English accent announced: "Tea is solved."

For a moment only could Bruno hover above the fragrant order of the tempting brew. All the while he felt the urge of insistent duty sitting heavily upon him, and before sunset fell on the looming vastnesses of the snow-capped Blue Ridge Mountains, our hero was speeding northward Washington bound.

Arrived at his country's Capital, Bruno stopped long enough to pay 98 cents for a box of Piedmonts, 25 cents for an evening paper and \$4.50 for a shave and shine. Even if he hadn't seen the Capitol he would have known in a minute that he was in Washington, by the number of "safe and sound desk lieutenants" which graced the main thoroughfare.

Outside the station he was greeted in the cheeriest sort of a manner by a soldier in uniform with a band around his sleeve.

"Welcome, stranger, welcome," cried this smiling minion of the law. "Washington greets you."

From all that he had heard and read, Bruno knew that he was being greeted by one of that stalwart group of heroes who are held in such high affection by all enlisted men that they are called by a nickname. "M. P.'s," they are called.

Bruno and the M. P. stood talking together, swapping quirks and quirks, when one of the most exciting things that has happened in all this exciting novel took place.

(To Be Continued Next Week)



"I WILL BE DRAFTED"

Bruno. Think of my Bruno actually having to sleep in the same barracks with those who I am sure have no appreciation for the finer things of life. Oh, Bruno, hurry. Fly to Washington. Make them understand how utterly impossible it is that one of your upbringing should associate with low creatures who do not even know the difference between a porte cochere and Spinoza. Tell them of the atmosphere of culture you have breathed since infancy, and I am sure they will understand and send you to the Depot Brigade or Kenilworth."



WHY THE EDITOR LEFT TOWN

Hardy Claycomb is confined to his home with the Spanish influenza. Miss Minnie Luft is also confined to his bed with the epidemic.—*Monmouth (Ill.) Atlas*.

The children had been studying the digestive system—the organs, their uses and their secretions or fluids. For along time they discussed them and then came a written examination. One question read, "Name the juices that aid in digestion and tell where each is produced or made."

Jakie had listened but not well, but he had read certain parts of the newspaper. So he wrote his answer: "I do not know the names of but two juices which help in digestion, and they are Syrup of Figs and Syrup of Pepsin, and I think they are both made in Indianapolis."—*Indianapolis News*.

Although Alfred has arrived at the age of twenty-one years he showed no inclination to either pursue his studies or in any way adapt himself to his father's business.

"I don't know what I will ever make of that son of mine," bitterly complained his father, a hustling business man.

"Maybe he hasn't found himself yet," consoled the confidential friend. "Isn't he gifted in any way?"

"Gifted?" queried the father. "Well, I should say he is! He ain't got a darned thing that wasn't given to him."

An Irishman came into the office of the president of the Illinois Central Railroad and said:

"Me name's Casey. Oi worruk out in th' yar-r-ds. Oi'd loike a pass to St. Louis."

"That is no way to ask for a pass," said the president. "You should introduce yourself politely. Come baik in an hour and try it again."

At the end of the day back came the Irishman. Doffing his hat, he inquired: "Are yez the man I saw before?"

"I am."

"Me name is Patrick Casey. Oi've been workin' out in th' yar-r-ds."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Casey. What can I do for you?"

"Oi've got a job an' a pass to St. Louis on th' Wabash. Yez can go to hell."

In the Cap Rock country interest was centered about the registration booth and the atmosphere was becoming pretty solemn and funereal when a well-to-do young cowman clicked up to the official in charge and gave a well-known name.

Glibly answering the questions put to him, he was met with the question:

"Ever have any accidents?"

"Accidents? Nope."

"Never had an accident in your life?"

"Nope. Rattler bit me once."

"Don't you call that an accident?" continued the questioner, eyeing the easy-going young fellow severely.

"Hell, no! The blamed thing bit me on purpose!"

DOIN'S FROM OUR OWN WHITE WAY

Buck Freeman, the local exponent of the terpsichorean art, visited the Kandy Kitchen with a right good-looking girl last week.

Got to hand it to Nat Weiss, seen on Patton avenue, the other evening. He's been looking them over since 1880, and there he is, still looking them over. If all you do, is just look Nat, you're still a decoration on the Boulevard.

S. James Mindheim, the local vaudeville star, was seen walking up Haywood street minus his make-up. Ye editor heard many sighs from the girls all around.

All kinds of ladies chewing tobacco, chocolate cigars, cubeb cigarettes and sanitary weenies. Baron Bean.—Advt.

Girls, get Gloom Zabin, the popular Patton avenuite, to tell you his opinion of women. A real entertaining treat will be had.

Miss McGammon, one of the girls that helped make Ziegfeld Opera Co. famous, went shopping for shoes at Mr. Pollock's place one day last week. Mac must wear out a lot of shoes in her new walking act with Lieutenant Waller.

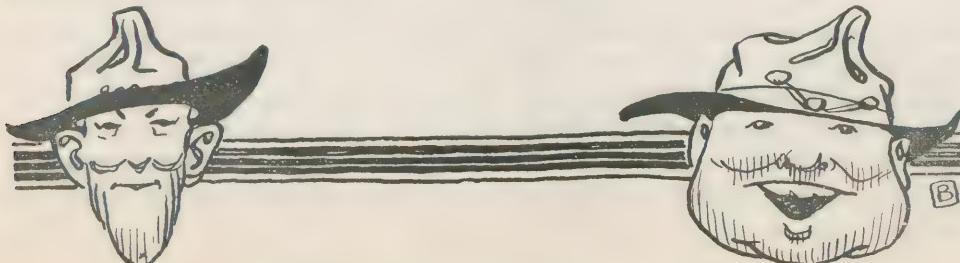
Mr. Bobby Mendelsohn went out to a hop with a very handsome gal one night last week. Bobby seemed to be enjoying himself as usual, that is, if smiles are any signs.

Mr. Charles Shields, of Kenilworth, gave a celebration at Mr. Lawrenre's place on the hill Wednesday night of last week. Small talk flowed freely and numerous packages of Camels were smoked. Among the guests, too numerous to mention, were Messrs. Feinstein, Feldherr, Montre, etc., etc. An elegant time was enjoyed by all.

Ward and O'Connor's new act, entitled "Discharges," has won little favor with the local booking agents. We suggest it be re-written, the plot is too good to waste.

The chinese magician, Ed Loe Wee, has returned from foreign parts. New York papers please copy.

Al Kahn, the popular boulevardier and chicken fancier, visited "Red" Circle's place the other evening. For once Al did not have a fair companion by his side, but you can bet your sweet life he was looking them over.



THAT DEMON BOOZE

Right now this country is facing, probably, one of the greatest economic problems it has ever had to face.

The war is over. Munition and steel plants are bringing their establishments down to a pre-war basis; all industries which have sprung up through the war are disbanding and throwing men and women out of employment, and in the meantime transport after transport is bringing back the youth and strength of the country. One hears plenty of wild talk about the abundance of jobs to be had and the fabulous salaries they pay, but the facts prove to the contrary. Almost two millions of men are coming back to this country e're long and occupations must be provided for them. When we begin to throw as vast an industry as the liquor business into the scrap basket at a time like this, we must be prepared to face some mighty disturbing dilemmas.

Prohibition is a mighty pretty thing; the demon devil alcohol—suppressed; drunkenness eliminated—the manhood of the country bolstered and cleansed by the wiping out of this pernicious evil. One fell swoop and all this is done away with. Do we actually need prohibition to raise moral, physical and social conditions in this country? Will the dry party realize all the fond dreams and improved conditions they expect to result from this new law? What evils will arise from this radical change? To what ends will a great many men go to get the forbidden fruit?

The theory has been launched—the result is in the balance. What matters the question to prohibitionists of a readjusted tax to make up the deficit, unemployment, a ruined industry, when so important a theory has to be TRIED?

We can only hope for the best and conclude the remarks of The New York Times of some days ago that we hope the amendment will surprise its foes, surpass the hopes of its enthusiasts, and the nation be as easy to rehabilitate and improve as Article XVIII was to sweep through the Legislatures!—*Hospital Review*.



"RIGHT DRESS"—?

BAN ON RIBBONS AND STARS

The sale of unauthorized service ribbons and gold and silver stars is subject of the following statement by the War Department, issued this week:

"It has been brought to the attention of the War Department that post exchanges and similar places are selling insignia such as unauthorized service ribbons and gold and silver stars to be worn on the uniform.

"Responsible officers will take immediate steps to have such practices discontinued by post exchanges and stores under their immediate jurisdiction. At the same time every effort will be made to influence stores located near posts, camps or stations to discontinue the practice."

With this ruling in vogue be ye guided accordingly.

FOUR STARS

This seems the season for stars, yet I discovered a new variety on Saturday last. Having sampled nearly all the tea houses in town, and found most of them indifferently good, we happened on a new one, in name, called THE FOUR STARS, on the Square. There was a warmth of welcome as we pushed in past the door and Mrs. Bourne herself cheerfully met us—and the wealth of her smile was the nearest approach to the real mother we've sensed since being in this far-famed "Land of the Sky."

After a delicious meal, thoroughly wholesome in its preparation and service, Mrs. Bourne joined us. Casually, with my good natured inquisitiveness, I asked her the meaning of the cognoman "Four Stars." She, with a showing of pride, told me they stood for her four boys in active service—and in her own quiet way was here trying to keep the home fires burning till they came home.

My silent vote went for a fifth star, for that noble woman who is doing her big bit in her unassuming way—and my future trade in the question of "in town meals." She is making Saturday evening a special one for soldiers.

—M.

MOUNTED M. P.'S IN ASHEVILLE

A complete M. P. detachment is to be organized in Asheville under the leadership of Lieut. Grimes, who has been stationed at Sevier. It will consist of six mounts, two army motorcycles, and a government police patrol. The men, who will act in this body, will be selected from the enlisted personnel at this hospital.

With 5,000 men at General Hospitals 12 and 19, and the local policing so inadequate, the need of this organization can readily be seen. Not only will they patrol the streets on regular beats, having complete jurisdiction over all men in the service but they will also cover country territory in an endeavor to round up liquor traffickers.

KENILWORTH FIVE WALLEWS US

In one of the fastest and best played games of the season the General Hospital No. 12 team won over the Oteen five by a score of 26-17. The game took place at the Asheville Y. M. C. A. on Saturday night last and both teams showed a remarkable improvement over their past form. Lieut. Donnelly starred for Kenilworth, while Scully Ruff and Gorrick excelled for Oteen.

**TO RELATIVES OF SOLDIERS
AT OTEEN**

Your relatives serving with the colors will soon be back in civil life. They may be at home now. For your protection, and for their own, they undoubtedly have taken out insurance with the United States Government.

You should impress upon your relatives in the service the vital importance of keeping their insurance with the United States Government. Write to them without delay—or tell them personally, if you can—that *they may retain insurance with the United States Government even after they leave the military service.*

The privilege of continuing their Government insurance is a valuable right given to soldiers and sailors as part of the compensation for their heroic and loyal services. If the soldier or sailor permits his insurance to lapse, he loses that right, and he never will be able to regain it.

But if he keeps up his present insurance—by the regular payment of the monthly premiums—he will be able to change it later into a standard Government policy without medical examination. Many men will come out of the war physically impaired and will, therefore, be unable to obtain any life insurance protection whatsoever for themselves and their families, unless they keep up their present insurance with the United States Government. Uncle Sam's Insurance may be continued and converted into standard Government policies, regardless of the men's physical condition.

Impress these things upon your relatives in the Service. Tell them there is nothing safer or stronger than Government Insurance. Tell them to talk about this to their commanding officers and to the insurance officer at their place of duty, before they leave the service. Tell them to carry back with them to civil life, as an aid and an asset, the continued insurance protection of the United States Government. Tell them, for your sake and for their sake, to hold on to Uncle Sam's Insurance!

"John, wake up," cried his wife in the middle of the night. "There's a man downstairs. I'm sure I heard him yawn just now."

"Oh, no, my dear," comfortably whispered John. "That wasn't a man yawning. You heard the rubber stamp stretching itself."

ALL HOURS

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.



There is a coterie of reformers, all members of the "Holier Than Thou" society, in our parent town, who are so narrow that their shoulder-blades cut the seams of their vests. They cannot understand why another, hailing from other parts, should come into their precinct and do their work. They do not realize perhaps that it is simply because of the lack of initiative on their part, that this was necessary. We don't believe there is enough red blood in the whole coterie to nourish a dwarf cootie. Yet their meddlesome influence and barbed shafts of criticism have had their evil effects.

The soldier who goes to town, and this is true here as everywhere else, seeks diversion of some sort. That is his reason for going to town. His pay, less deductions for insurance, allotments, liberty bonds and whatnot, does not permit of an elaborate outlay for personal entertainment. Many of our cities have established community centers, offering a place of recreation to the visiting soldier. Until the advent of the War Camp Community Service, the only community center that Asheville had to offer its uniformed guests was its public square. With that went a criticism for using it for that purpose. But no one, laymen or clergy, made an effort to remedy this matter.

Then came the War Camp Community Service, established its club rooms for soldiers and sold food to the boys at cost. We give credit where it is due, the merchants of the town co-operated to a man. They realized that this organization filled a long felt want. Not so the local shepards. Someone, even tho he was one of their kind, had come into their midst and seized a little of their thunder. He at the head of the War Camp Community Service had made a success, where they had never made an attempt. They have tried to malign this man. We, as soldiers, and unbiased witnesses, hope their efforts to discredit him will be unsuccessful.

The Observer.

AT THE BRIDE'S RISK

Some doughboy, gob or leatherneck must have been stealing the best girl of one of the writers of "London Tit-Bits." And the writer, to get even, has writes a piece for his paper warning English girls that the American, not with any evil intent, but just because it's his nature, is a gay Lothario who doesn't mean it at all.

"He has," says our English critic, "the knack of making the woman he may be with at the moment feel that only she matters in the world. Women like the man who gives them respect and homage, and the American man gives them without stint. But Brother Jonathan is brought up like that from the cradle onward. His women folk look for it as their right. An American may make a girl feel that she is wonderfully attractive, but she will do well to remember that he probably makes every woman he meets feel the same. He means it well, for it is just his delightful way of paying homage to the sex."

Our Don Juans having been thus unmasked and the eyes of the English lassies opened, the United States will be able to put to other uses is the future that precious tonnage it has been necessary to set aside as "bride ships."

ALL DRESSED UP

Mess practically demands the resurrection of the brass knuckle. No steak can be enjoyed without a pair. It was at a recent mess, in a well-known cantonment that a private, after working out on a slab of meat for ten minutes, declared to the cook: "I'm not sore on the Quartermaster for delivering this horse. But, if it is not asking too much, I wish you'd put in a request, through channels, to have the animal unharnessed before the next delivery."

Pvt. Botelleo, who was undergoing ten days of restriction to camp, appeared one morning before his captain and asked for a special pass.

"But you are restricted, Botelleo," the captain reminded him, "and I can not give you a pass unless it is important. Is this important?"

"Well," he explained, "she is a not import. But I getta married, and I like to be there."

Irate Customer—"See here, waiter. How did this hair get in my apple pie?"

Waiter—"I don't know how it happened, sir. Them apples are all Baldwins"



The matter of opening a place in Asheville for the colored soldier has been referred to a committee of three long-time residents of Asheville. These men who have the confidence of the entire community can be depended to act wisely and effectively in the matter.

The Saturday night dance for men in uniform tonight, Saturday, promises to be up to the Red Circle standard.

In order to make it pleasanter for every one, we make the statement again for the benefit of the new men, that no young ladies will be admitted to the Red Circle dances unless they have been vouched for by a responsible citizen of Asheville, or have a card from the chief hostess.

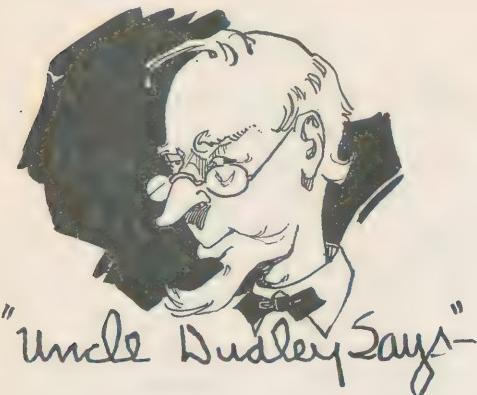
There can be no exception to this rule. Everyone can see the fairness of it as it protects the men, the girls and the management from criticism. We realize that worthy girls and girls of the finest character and social position are sometimes excluded because we do not know them. So that men who wish to bring a young lady must see that she secures a card from Mrs. Mayer, the chief hostess.

Mrs. Robbins and two sons left for Fairfax Court House, Va., where she will visit her mother until Mr. Robbins is released from the service of the W.C.C.S.

Sunday evenings at the Red Circle Hotel are mighty pleasant affairs for the fellows who don't go to church. The good music and social atmosphere are proving attractive, both for officers and men. The more the merrier and there is always room for one more.

Nobody wishes Joe O'Hara any bad luck but we hope that he won't be discharged for some time because he is so popular at the Red Circle Club as an entertainer.





"God hez giv us lungs t' breathe in th' pure, life-givin' air, eyes t' see th' wonderful scenery. He created, en bodies to be nourished by th' foods that He causes t' grow; but who in Sam Hill giv people th' right t' rob a feller o' all his possessions befor allowin' him t' enjoy that what th' Creator intended him t' enjoy?"

★ ★

"All o' which remarks iz th' outcome o' a leetle xperience yer Ole Uncle Dudley hed recently in these her parts with sum o' th' foks who ais makin' a livin' outen th' necessities o' other folks."

★ ★

"Th' moods o' thes here steam radyaters iz not t' be figgered. A feller must approach 'em in fear en tremblin' becaus ye never kin tell whether they will be aimin' t' bust with hot indignashun er freezin' with icy hawter, ez th' writin' fellers say."

★ ★

"Nusses iz shore strange critters. They will kum around afore a feller gits outen bed en smile en say 'Howdy,' and hold his hand a leete whie. But after a feller gits his duds on, ef he asts one t' go out fer a leetle eatin' party with him, by heck they leave a feller prostrated with th' whole hearted warmth o' their refusal."

★ ★

"Which remark iz th' result o' havin' t' listen t' a feller tryin' t' xplain th' praktikle value o' this here sykologikle test."

★ ★

"Yer Ole Uncle Dudley suffered thru one o' them sykologgikle xzaminashuns th' other day en th' hull durned bizness reminded me o' a game we uster play at th' parties where th' feller what kin ask th' most durn fool question wins a prize."

★ ★

"Th' feller what hed charge o' th' meetin', th' tother day musta been th' Grand Champeen o' th' hull blamed world."

HERE'S TO THE RECONSTRUCTION AIDS

As usual the "chips" were passing from pile to pile in W-1 on Friday evening but at 7:30 (just 30 minutes late) Miss Richmond entered and informed the boys that several good-natured young ladies would in a short time enter the ward for the purpose of carrying out the well arranged programme of a Washington's birthday party.

Immediately the cards flew out of sight and the boys all fought for a place before the dressing-room mirror where they might adjust any stray hairs etc.

Within a few minutes the ward was filled with the smiling and pretty faces of many Reconstruction Aides and the business of selectin' partners for the different numbers began immediately.

The first number was a grand march led by Miss Knight and some private who seemed inclined to head for Asheville but after roaming through several corridors they at last found his way back to the scene of festivities.

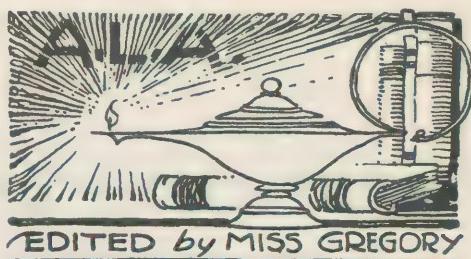
A variation in the program consisted of subjects of conversation to be carried on by those who were partners. No lengthy discussions were allowed on any subject as someone would shout the next number just as a pair were getting acquainted with said subject—and also with their partner!!

I am in doubt if all of our friends adhered strictly to the given subject as I over heard Wenegie say "Yes that would be a fine place for a stroll," while he should have been talking on the subject of "Discharge." After the subjects had all been discussed and settled a game of "Wink" was started and which was played much different than in the old days when the process of osculation was in style. Some one informed me that most of these Reconstruction Aides were formerly school teachers. I never had a teacher when I went to school who could wink as they can!!

At the close of this game of eyerolling each member of the party was filled to capacity with excellent ice cream and delicious fudge. The evening closed with a friendly chat all round. "A splendid evening and most sociable gathering of young ladies and gentlemen," declared all the boys.

D. D. MURPHY.

"Say," yelled an orderly to Heyman last week, "the Q. M. gang says for you to send down for that package of Daily Tribunes' right away, 'cause they're leakin'!"



Do the men at OTEEN need an invitation to visit the Library? The librarian had not considered it necessary to invite them, thinking that they all recognized it as their own. Every day, however, men come in who say, "I didn't know you had books like this here. This is just on my line and a 1919 book at that." And then they go on to say, "I'm a plumber and this is a new wrinkle," or "I was working on this idea for our machine shop, and couldn't quite perfect it," or "I'm thinking of being a traveling salesman and should like to read up on it."

★ ★

Most of the books on the trades and professions are in the A. L. A. Library, the second room to the right in entering the Red Cross House. Please consider it your own study room, and make use of the books which were purchased with your particular need in mind. If you do not find what you want make it known. Book lists have been printed on about two dozen subjects, from which men in the Infirmary wards may select books they wish to examine, and the Librarian will bring these on her twice-a-week visits to those wards.

★ ★

Many men have taken emergency courses in machine shop work to meet the demands of war conditions. Men who remain in the trade will wish not only to develop more skill in operating but also to have more knowledge of the work in order to fit themselves for better positions. Machine Shop Practice, by Hartman, is a handy, introductory guide for men with little or no experience. Kaup's Machine Shop Practice is a more thorough textbook. Jigs and Fixtures, by Haas, describes and illustrates a variety of special devices necessary for reduced costs and interchangeable manufacturing.

★ ★

Will you help the librarian by returning your books promptly? Sending out reminders takes time which might well be spent in giving you better service.

MAMMOTH FURNITURE STORE

We can offer you the largest stock of Bedroom Furniture of all different woods, finishes and designs in the South to select from, and can suit any requirement or please any taste. Complete Bedroom Suits from

\$50.00 to \$2,500.00

J. L. SMATHERS & SONS

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POOLE BROTHERS

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Cleaners and Pressers
For the Post*

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

S. M. STEVENS

Licensed Plumber and Sanitary Engineer

QUALITY WORK MEANS SATISFACTION

"Ask the folks I have done work for"

M. V. Moore & Company

*The Department Store
of the South*

SERVICE

SATISFACTION

TRY WHISTLIN'

When yer feelin' sorter blue;

Try Whistlin'!

When ye think yer friends ain't true;

Try Whistlin'!

Ef th' world iz lookin' bum

While ye're fur away frum hum,

En th' tears begin t' kum;

Try Whistlin'!

Ef ye think there ain't no use;

Try Whistlin'!

Ef ye feel like lettin' loose;

Try Whistlin'!

Ef ye've lost th' best ye had,

En th' outlook's kinder bad,

En ye're sorter sick en sad;

Try Whistlin'!

It'll chase dull cares away;

Try Whistlin'!

It'll change yer work t' play;

Try Whistlin'!

It'll end all doubt en fearin';

It'll put yer heart t' cheerin';

En th' skies'll start t' clearin';

Try Whistlin'!

—From "Fragments of Verse."

By Clifton E. Gurd.

American troops in France received a more careful and prolonged training than could possibly be given most of the regiments hurriedly raised during the Civil War. General Pershing tells the story of a volunteer battalion of rough backwoodsmen that once joined General Grant. He admired their fine physique, but distrusted the capacity of their uncouth commander to handle troops promptly and efficiently in the field, so he said:

"Colonel, I want to see your men at work; call them to attention, and order them to march with shouldered arms in close column to the left flank."

Without a moment's hesitation the colonel yelled to his fellow ruffians: "Boys, look wild thar! Make ready to thicken and go left end-ways! Tote yer guns! Git!"

The maneuver proved a brilliant success and the self-elected colonel was forthwith officially commissioned.

Two very pretty girls met on the street and kissed each other rapturously. Two young men watched the meeting. "There's another of those things that are so unfair," said one.

"What is that?" said his friend.

He pointed to the scene: "Women doing men's work."

BIG JIM BEESON

It isn't the things which he says,
It isn't the things that he does,
I guess that the reason
I don't like Jim Beeson,
Is the feminine standby—because.

He never never done nothin that hurt,
He never done nothip to help,
Yet some happy day,
He'll get in my way,
And I'll just have to wallop the whelp.

He's never a Raleigh to ladies,
He ain't never been impolite,
Yet, when I'm with Min,
And she smiles upon him,
I sure am plumb ready to fight.

I guess that's the way with some fellows,
The wa'nt never meant to be pals,
And I secretly add,
It's especially bad,
When they clash on the subject of gals.

R. L. M.

First Buck—"Oh, do you see that terrible black bug crossing the table?"

Second Buck—"That's a raisin on his way to the kitchen."

Sonntag ought to make his fortune before he quits the Army."

"He's invented a pair of luminous dice for shooting after taps."

REO TRANSPORTATION SERVICE

*From the Square to
The Post*

DAY PHONE 1041

NIGHT PHONE 2361

E. J. GRISET
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN
TO SOLDIERS

Western Produce Co.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

It takes an enormous quantity of food to feed one of the largest Government Hospitals in the United States—G. H. No. 19.

We play a large part in the supplying of it.

WE are handling a good many of the Soldiers'
Accounts, and we will Welcome
Your Business.

**CITIZENS BANK**

EDWIN L. RAY, *President*
JNO. A. CAMPBELL, *Cashier*
WM. F. DUNCAN, *Asst. Cashier*

Opposite Postoffice

Asheville, N. C.

FUTURE FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS

BROCK & HAGE PORTRAITS

PORTRAITS IN WATER
COLORS AND SEPIA
MINIATURES ON IVORY
AND PORCELAIN



DAGUERREOTYPES AND
OTHER OLD PICTURES
REPRODUCED, ENLARGED
OR REDUCED

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

*Why Not Bring That Watch in Now and Have It
Repaired and Adjusted?*

FINE REPAIRING OUR SPECIALTY

J. E. CARPENTER

16 NORTH PACK SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Barbee-Clark
CIGARS
That's Our Business

Any and Everything for the Smoker

"How about it, old man, now that you are through or soon to be through, are you going to slide or are you going to back up, fight like 'ell and keep assailing through everything that comes in the way?"

This is the hypothetical question that the Federal Board of Vocational Education is asking every sick, wounded or disabled American fighting man.

It is entirely up to each and every soldier, the Board points out. He has it within his choice to pick out the course that may lead to street-corner panhandling when the enthusiasm of hero worship wanes, or to plod along the other turning of the fork which will lead to a trade or a profession, but more important a head held high and life-long self-support.

Over 400 trades, occupations, professions and callings are subject to choice by disabled soldiers who wish to take the free education and support offered by the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

Indicating the class of institutions in which this free education is given, the following are mentioned: Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Harvard Law School, New York School of Commerce, Columbia University, Maryland State Agricultural College, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Virginia Polytechnic, North Carolina Agricultural-Mechanical College, Tuskegee Institute, Clemson College, University of Tennessee, Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, Michigan State Agricultural College, University of Michigan, University of Illinois, Nebraska University, University of Nevada, University of California, University of Texas, Americas Institute for Banking.

Applicants who qualify as being entitled to compensation under the War Risk Insurance Bureau, which is a necessary preliminary, are allowed \$65.00 a month support fund if single; more if married. All tuition, library and laboratory or other fees, including books, are paid by the Government.

A job is found for the man when he has qualified for it.

The Federal Board for Vocational Education is earnestly endeavoring to get in touch with all war-disabled men, whether their disability be due to accident, disease, or in fighting, so that the offer may be made direct to them.

A postal card or letter addressed to the Federal Board for Vocational Education at Washington will bring full particulars.

The Drink Delightful:



*Sparkling, delicious, zestful
that's Bevo!*

On sale everywhere Ask for it!

ELLIS & BEADLES

Biltmore Avenue

Asheville, N. C.

AT YOUR SERVICE!

We give special attention to the banking needs of officers, enlisted men and nurses of the U. S. Army.

Your inquiries as to how we may serve you will be welcome.

The Battery Park Bank

Members Federal Reserve System

A Photograph

of yourself before you put on civilian clothes will be cherished all your life.

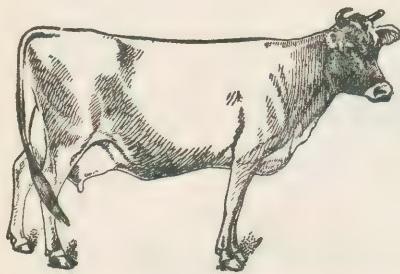
The Pelton Studio
Next to Princess Theatre

FRESH CANDY

IS ALWAYS ASSURED AT THE CANDY KITCHEN, BECAUSE WE MAKE OUR CANDY DAILY. EXCELLENT MEALS SERVED A LA CARTE.

CANDY KITCHEN
HAYWOOD STREET ASHEVILLE, N. C.

At the Post Exchange You Get
“CAROLINA SPECIAL”
“The Ice Cream Supreme”



**CAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY**

Superior Milk Products

NON-COMS IN RECONSTRUCTION

Enlisted men engaged in work of physical reconstruction of wounded soldiers at army hospitals are to be classified with a view to their promotion to non-commissioned grades.

The General Staff has requested the Surgeon General to obtain a classification of the enlisted personnel engaged in reconstruction work so that qualified men may be advanced to non-commissioned grades.

Commanding officers of all general and base hospitals have been called upon to make this classification, and in doing so they have been requested to recommend for promotion those men who have shown high efficiency and intelligence in army service. In promotions especial attention will be paid to men with superior education. This announcement should appeal with particular force to men engaged in reconstruction work as it means an opportunity for promotion in the ranks of a large number of well qualified men.

“Do you know,” said he, addressing the manicure, “that you are a very pretty girl?”

“How can I help knowing it when forty mutts spring it on me every day?”

And then he remarked that the weather was a trifle chilly for this time of year.

TWO STEP AND INSTEP

The morning after the soldiers’ dance two young ladies chanced to meet. One of them noticed that the other was painfully limping. “Why, Dorothy, what in the world is the matter? You seem to have been in an accident.”

“No, it was not an accident. I just had a few dances last night with a Lieutenant who wore spurs.”

First Sergeant—“Come on, Reilly, get up for reveille; only two minutes.”

No answer.

First Sergeant—“Well, what time do you expect to get up?”

Reilly—“W-well, what time would you suggest?”

Corridor Connoisseur—“What’cha hangin’ around here for?”

Bulletin Board Backer—“Nothing.”

C. C. (sarcastically)—“Well, move on; if everyone in the building stood still, how’d the rest get past?”—Froth.

First—“He put his arm around me five times last night.”

Second—“Some arm!”—Record.



As a firm believer in advertised merchandise we strongly advise the purchase of such merchandise.

★ ★

A merchant who advertises his goods cannot afford to sell anything but reliable goods and satisfactory service.

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The merchants who advertise in THE OTEEN are merchants whom you can deal with in perfect safety.

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We recommend that the readers of THE OTEEN patronize our advertisers.

★ ★

We also recommend that the buyers for the different departments of the hospital, the Red Cross, K. of C. and Y. M. C. A., make as many of their purchases as possible from OTEEN advertisers.

(Continued from page 6)

168 Prov.; Pvt. Charles Latham, M. D.; Pvt. Norman Mitchell, 126 Inf.; Pvt. Lawrence W. McCormick, 56 Inf.; Pvt. Arthur Pierce, 7th Inf.; Pvt. Willie Poindexter, M. D.; Pvt. Clura Smith, 57 Pio. Inf.; Pvt. Lynnwood Smith, 10 Repl. Bn.; Pvt. Lester Carr, M. T. C.; Pvt. Daniel Conly, 9 Bn. Repl.; Pvt. Scott White, V. T. S.; Cook Isadore Barnoff, M. D.; Pvt. James Ellis, 104 Eng.; Pvt. William H. Bower, 157 D. B., 2 Trn. Bn.; Pvt. Louis Ansback, M. D.; Pvt. Carl C. Casey, 113 Am. Trn.; Major John P. Wilson, 1 C. O. T. S.; Pvt. Claude Lighting, 47 D. B.; Pvt. Gorden Small, Dev. Grp.; Pvt. Henry Moorman, Dev. Grp.; Pvt. Roy Cornell, Dev. Grp.; Pvt. Robert J. Campbell, Dev. Grp.; Pvt. John Simpson, Dev. Grp.; Pvt. John L. Smith, M. T. D.; Pvt. Clarence Tutweiler, Dev. Grp.; Pvt. William Harris, Dev. Grp.; Pvt. Edmond Veilleux, C. M. G. O. T. S.; Pvt. Robert Perjovich, 125 Inf.; Pvt. Edwin Charlton, 14 M. Bn.; Pvt. Walter Mann, 38 Inf.; Pvt. Lee Stanley, 16 Inf.; Sgt. Andrew L. Brittain, A. S. C. L. B.; Pvt. Leroy Rosold, 56 Inf.; Pvt. Otto C. Behrens, 60 Inf.; Pvt. Arthur J. Myers, 116 Engr.; Pvt. David Frazier, 65 Eng.; Pvt. George McRoberts, 353 Inf.; Sgt. William D. Hiod, M. D.; Pvt. Charles H. Marechel, M. D.; Pvt. Charles Steele, 55 C. A. C.

ASHEVILLE BATTERY COMPANY

—OFFICIAL—

SERVICE



STATION

COLLEGE AND MARKET STREETS

TELEPHONE 3437

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

NEW UNIFORMS FOR OLD

Bring us that old spotted uniform or the one which needs altering. We'll clean it so that it will look like new or we'll alter it to fit you as it should. Bring us that hat which needs cleaning and blocking. Satisfaction guaranteed, because our work is done by the most approved methods. *Nurses*—Let us clean or alter your clothes.

Asheville French Dry Cleaning Co.

4 NORTH PACK SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE AZALEA HOSPITAL BUYS ALL OF ITS FISH FROM

The Asheville Fish Company

What an endorsement for Quality this is!

TAKE A TROLLEY RIDE ON THE WEAVERVILLE LINE

Asheville and Weaverville

Round Trip Tickets 45 Cents

OFFICE AND WAITING ROOM—35 BROADWAY

ASHEVILLE & EAST TENN. R.R. COMPANY

The Haywood Grill

MARIAN A. PUTNAM

ALL THE BEST THINGS TO EAT AT REASONABLE PRICES.
OYSTERS SERVED IN ANY STYLE. OPEN SEVEN DAYS
IN THE WEEK FROM 8:30 A.M. TO 8:00 P.M.

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

The Asheville Times

EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY
AND EVERY SUNDAY MORNING

*Associated Press News Service
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FIFTEEN CENTS THE WEEK

FIVE CENTS THE COPY

GOOD EATS AT THE **CRYSTAL CAFE**

Number 1	32 Patton Avenue
Number 2	56 Patton Avenue
Number 3	16 N. Pack Square

HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?

— ATTENTION — **THE ORANGE STAR**

32¢

*Round Trip to Asheville, to Soldiers and Hospital
Employes only. Tickets now on sale at
The Post Exchange.*

To Town: Cars leave Post No. 1 at 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00, 12:00 A.M.
Then 1:00 P.M. and every 30 minutes till Nidnight. From Town: Cars
leave Pack Square at 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, and every hour till
12:30 N. Then every 30 minutes till midnight.

EXTRA CARS DURING RUSH HOURS

ORANGE STAR AUTO LINE, INC.

SOUTH PACK SQUARE

TELEPHONE 53

Songs of Oteen

JIM'S DISCHARGE SPREE

(Apologies to R. S.)

A dozen men were gathered 'round
At the Baron's Beanery
There was everything from Engineers
To the Coast Artillery.

And each in turn was telling how,
When it came to discharge day,
He'd don his old civilian duds
And parade some gay white way.

Silent and alone sat Jimmy Vance,
A quiet sort of bird,
Who pulled his pipe in a thotful way
And seldom said a word.

The last one to elucidate
Was a guy called "Frisco Pete"
Who promised to burn up Barbary Coast
Till it reached a white hot heat.

Then "Chicago Mike" says sarcastic like,
I'll bet the white lights dance,
When they chuck a little S. C. D
To Terrible Jimmy Vance."

The men all laughed and begged, of Jim,
His little plan to tell—
For they couldn't quite figure his going
out
And raising especial hell.

Jim took a drag at his trusty pipe
And gazed thru the smoky haze;
And he says, "I shore have got a plan
Which keeps me countin' days.

There's a little farm in the Middle West
On same which sets a house;
Where the only sounds, after nine p. m.,
Is the tickin' clock or a mouse.

And a little lady's waitin' there
That I'd give a leg ter see.
You take your white lights if you want:
But its home sweet home fer me."

A hush fell over the gathering
And they all looked thotful like,
Then—"Jimmy Vance, you're lucky as
hell,"
Concluded "Chicago Mike."

ROBERT L. MURRAY, 1st Lieut., Inf., U.S.A.
(Copyright applied for).

BEWARE OF SWELLED HEADS

In a recent speech to some newspaper men, General Haig, the leader of the British soldiers and one of the grandest men on the fighting front, said, "Do not let us get swelled heads over our victory; the same as other persons did after 1870."

This is good advice. One of the worst enemies of virtue is boasting. One may belittle a victory by bragging about it. True pride is silent, but vanity is always shouting. The men who do most of the shouting are not those who were in the fierce heat of battle, but those on the outside, who never heard a bomb or musket shot. It is they who do the fighting when it is all over. Of course, we can all be glad and say so, and shout over it, and serenade it with our brass bands, but let us remember what the great General Haig said: "Let us beware of swelled heads."

"I've been to the front, mum," he said, as she opened the back door.

"My poor man! Here's a pie for you."

"Thank's, mum. I wouldn't have come around, but I couldn't get no answer at the front door."

"What do you do in the Army?" asked the C.O. at inspection, as he stopped in front of a promising colored recruit.

"Ah fights, Boss."

"Yes, but just what do you do? I want to know more about your every day actions."

"Yessir, Boss, yessir. Ah shovels dirt and shoots craps when ah ain't preachin' pow'ful strong sermons at dis yeah colored Y.M.C.A."

TENNYSON SPOKE THUSLY"

Listen, kind friend, call me bevo, call me bevo, have no fear;
July the 1st, you know is coming, the saddest day of the year;
Yes, the saddest of the year, friend, the bone-driest, so they say,
Won't you recognize old bevo, I'll be
"Officer of the Day."

CREDITS

This publication owes endless thanks to Pelton and Higgason, the Asheville Photographers, who invariably have furnished us with photographs for our pictorial covers—and given us, free of charge, prints of our officers used. We omitted giving credit last week for the photograph of Lieut. Hooker, which Higgason gave us.

HOME AGAIN!

Back to civies means—back to Kuppenheimer Clothes. Kuppenheimer Clothes are the choice of the young men AFTER the war just as they were BEFORE the war.

THE REASONS ARE VISIBLE WHEN YOU SEE KUPPENHEIMER CLOTHES.

R. B. Zageir

EXCLUSIVE KUPPENHEIMER DEALERS

8 BILTMORE AVENUE

"Just a Whisper off the Square"

OVERCASH & CO.

Tailors, Cleaners and Hat Renovators

LEAVE WORK AT POST EXCHANGE

Leggins Cleaned Free With Orders

6 1-2 BILTMORE AVE.

TELEPHONE 1776

STYLE PLUS CLOTHES—FOR YOUNG MEN

\$25.00, \$30.00 AND \$35.00

W. L. Douglas Shoes

\$3.50, \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00

INDESTRUCTO BAGGAGE

H. L. FINKELSTEIN

23-25 BILTMORE AVE.

TELEPHONE 887

SOLDIERS, ATTENTION!

A good cup of Coffee is always ready at an instant's notice if you buy a can of BORDEN'S PREPARED COFFEE. All you need do is add hot water—the milk and sugar are IN the Coffee.

ALL SORTS OF GOOD THINGS FOR THE SOLDIER—NUTS, CANDIES, CRACKERS, ETC.

SAWYER GROCERY CO.

COLLEGE STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

BIG NIGHT TONIGHT**THE TIME-SAVER**

MOMENTS ARE FAR TOO VALUABLE TODAY TO BE WASTED OR
MISSPENT. FULLY ONE-HALF THE TIME YOU NOW
DEVOYE TO IRONING WITH STOVE HEATED
IRONS IS A SHEER LOSS.

AN ELECTRIC IRON

WILL REMOVE THIS WASTE OF TIME

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WHAT WILL LABOR DO?

Right now the eyes of the world are focused on the Labor problem. How will the problem of war wages be solved in peace times? To KNOW means to READ the

LABOR ADVOCATE

The representative Labor paper. Out every Thursday. The Labor Movement NOT associated with I.W.W. or the Bolsheviks.

The city Y. M. C. A. is planning a big night for the soldiers of Azalea, Kenilworth and Asheville, Saturday night, March 1st, when they will give their first of a series of gatherings for the men in uniform. The young ladies of the Roberts Philathia class, Central Methodist Church, assisted by other young ladies of the city, will entertain. A musical program will be rendered and refreshments will be served. A cordial invitation has been extended to the men of Azalea. The young ladies will see that all have a good time.

Down in the Jewish section of New York, during the very hot spell last August, a father and son went for a stroll together. As they passed a vender of ice cream the boy turned to his father and said, lovingly:

"I wish you'd buy me some ice cream, fader, I do feel so varm."

His father gazed at him for a few seconds in mild surprise, and then exclaimed:

"No, no, Ikey, my poy; but I'll tell you vot I'll do: I'll tell you some ghost stories vot'll make your blood run cold."

It happened in England where one of the crack regiments of horsemen were drilling. One very wild horse made a dash across the field in spite of all his rider could do.

Instructor—"Where are you going?"

Rider—"I don't know, sir, but the horse belongs in Canada."

RETALIATION

Professor Phelps of Yale tells an amusing anecdote that illustrates the prosaic quality of the German mind. Some years ago, visiting the town of Offenburg, he was surprised to see a colossal statue of Sir Francis Drake, the famous Elizabethan sea dog. On examination he found that the monument was erected to Drake "in recognition of his having introduced the potato into Europe."

Why doesn't England retaliate a statue to the Kaiser, the man who introduced the cootie into Europe?

The Spieler—"Take a bus and see New York."

The Gob—"Aw, join th' Navy and see the world."

NURSE'S SOLILOQUY

If I'm on a case working night and day,
"It's very much too hard," is what I say.
If I'm on a case and haven't anything to
do,
I say: "Oh, it's monotonous, I hope I'll
soon be thru."
And if I'm working just in a day, and get
my rest at night
I do not even then, feel exactly right.
Somehow I'm just dissatisfied, no matter
where I be,
And I wonder—are there any other nurses
just like me?

—M. E. S.

WE SAY IT WAS!

The Masquerade was great fun. The sewing-machine buzzed during off-duty hours at a lively pace and results showed that we are nothing if not original. "Liza" and "Rastus" did not even require false faces to be disguised and there were a number who successfully hid their identity from the other girls for some time. We thought the Officers looked surprised too. The Orchestra surely surprised us! Our Aides proved their reputation for being "mighty clever" beyond question. Both nurses and Aides had a representation of those who were "charming," "cute," "funny," or "frequish." The Gold-dust twins, the ten-year-olds, the good looking Captains, Western Rough Rider, real live hobo, two little girls in orange crepe, farmer boy, the gypsies, and many more we would like to have had a picture of and given each a prize. Since there could be but one Wagner, as the "Indian Squaw," satisfied everybody. We would have been glad to see more of the Officers masked, but the K. P.'s those Aides, Old Black Joe and a "Wonderful Nurse" kept us company.

I'm only a measly inordinate owl,
Vagrant and frequently crude;
My nails are uncared for, my voice is un-
trained,
And I sometimes use mouses for food.

The words which repose in my slender vocab
Are decidedly simple and few—
Yes, I'm only a night-going bum of a bird,
But I've never said "Whom" for "Who."
—Widow.

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Château-Thierry

By Gen. Omar Bundy

You went through the Hell of it at Château-Thierry, Belleau Wood and elsewhere, will read with the deepest interest the story of the forty days of American fighting that stopped the German drive on Paris—written by Major-General Omar Bundy who commanded during that fighting the Second Division of American Troops, which included the 9th and 23rd Infantry; the 5th and 6th Marines; the 12th, 15th and 17th Field-Artillery; the 2nd Regiment Engineers and the 1st Field-Signal Battalion.

This historic story by General Bundy appears in *Everybody's Magazine* for March, now on sale. With it are included hitherto unpublished documents of extraordinary value; maps, photographs and drawings made on the battlefields by American artists.

The March *Everybody's* is now on every news-stand but won't stay there long. Get your copy today.



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RECONSTRUCTION NOTES

The Reconstruction Department has been given about half of the large warehouse just behind the E Wards which has been equipped for curative work shops. There is already installed in this building the carpenter shop, the shoe repair shop, and the printing shop. The wheels of these shops are now turning and work is being done. Sergeant Piatt, who is in charge of the curative work shops, is also instructing the class in carpentry and wood working. Sergeant Wynn, who has charge of the printing shop, is now ready to give instruction to those men who wish to learn printing as a trade. The shoe repair shop will be under a competent instructor. As many of us know, shoe repairing is one of the most remunerative trades today. The work is light and the Department anticipates a great demand for this course.

A veritable "university" holds forth in the Reconstruction Building, and classes are in session regularly in electricity, gas engine theory, telegraphy, bookkeeping, business English, spelling, penmanship, arithmetic, shorthand, typewriting (twenty additional machines just received last week); in commercial art, sign painting, lettering, free-hand drawing, mechanical drawing; in algebra, plane and solid geometry, in French and elementary English, nine classes of the latter meeting daily. The class periods as a rule are of one hour's length, altho several are of two hours.

Printing, photography, carpentry, tailoring and shoe repairing are all well under way as a complete printing press is installed, a dark room and a gallery fitted up, a tailoring establishment set up, a carpentry shop equipped, and an up-to-date set of shoe machinery installed.

Private Murphy badly needed a week-end pass, but as he had had so many his chances looked very slim. However he paraded before his C.O.

"Sorr, I would loike to get a week-end pass."

"What's the matter this time? Your grandmother hasn't died again, surely?"

"No, sorr; it's loike this, sorr. Oi've a brother who was born blind, sorr, and he's just got his sight and wants to see me, sorr."

Make the best of the present—if you are unable to exchange it for something you really want. I'll change mine for a double top sirloin *rare*.

HOME TOWN COURTESY

Negro Rookie (halting major) — "Whatta you doin' out heah dis time er night? Don't you know dat bugle done blowed?"

"Can't you recognize me? I'm a major, an officer."

"Naw, sir; de Lieutenant said not to 'low nobody to cross heah."

"Listen here, your lieutenant wears one bar, his superior wears two and a major wears the gold leaf. I'm a commanding officer."

"Yassar, Boss, excuse me, sar, I'se neber knowed what dat is. We uns just call any old boob 'Major' down home whar I lives."

In the ranks of a southern training company one scorching afternoon a dusky fighter brought the sweat pouring down his face in the vain attempt to escape the toes of the lanky black behind him, while at the same time marching to the count of the drill sergeant. Finally the victim turned upon his tormentor: "Nigger, one moah attempt of yo' all to climb ma back that-a-way an' I'se shore gwine demobilize yo' in foah counts."

Corporal (to rookie) — "Private Jones, why are you one step in the rear of your squad?"

Rookie — "Well, er-er-er-sir, after I halted they all took one step more."

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It is the Chief aim of OTEEN to take our war-worn boys from the battle-fronts of France and, through its ministrations, return them to civil life restored to physical strength and vigor, prepared for efficient citizenship.

Capt. THOS. A HOGAN, M. C., U. S. A.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING

Sergeant (blowing whistle) — “Private Buck, get out on detail.”

Private Buck—“For heaven's sake, when do I rest?”

Sergeant—“You will rest when you get to heaven.”

“Well, I hope so, but I'll bet a dose of gold fish hash I won't be in heaven ten minutes when just as I lie down and the angels come over to my bed and start singing to me, old boy Sergeant Gabriel will toot his whistle and say, ‘Private Buck, get up. You're on detail tonight, go down and hang out the stars.’ ”

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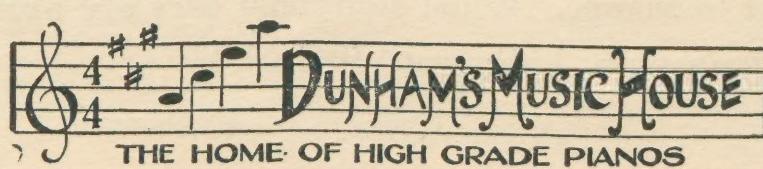
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